The CARELESS BATCHELOR'S

# GARLAND,

Containing several of the best

# New Songs.

I. The Careless Batchelor.
II. *English* Courage display'd; or *brave News from Admiral Vernon*
IV. Fond *Damon's* Love for fair *Flavella*.
V. A new Hunting Song.

*Licensed and Entered according to Order.*

## The Careleſs Batchelor's GARLAND.

### *The* CARELESS BATCHELOR.

WHen I was a Batchelor, O then, O then,
I could ſmoak my Pipe,
And carouſe all the Night;
The World it went rowling and bowling
*And the World it went very well with me*
*O then*

I marry'd a Wife, O then, O then,
I marry'd a Wife, O then;
I marry'd a Wife, and ſhe plagued my Life,
Oh! the World it went worſer and worſer,
*And the world it went very bad*, &c.

My wife ſhe fell ſick, O then, O then,
My wife ſhe fell ſick,
And in Labour was it,
And the world it went worſer and worſer,
*And the world it went very bad* &c.

My Wife and Child died, O then, O then,
My Wife and Child died,
But the Devil a Tear I cry'd
The World it went rowling and bowling,
*And the World it went very well*, &c.

I went to the Grave, O then, O then,
And the Piper did play, And

And we danc'd all the Way,
The World it went rowling and bowling,
*And the world it went very well*, &c.

I went to a Tavern, O then, O then,
And there did I 'ſpy a bonny black Laſs,
And her eyes they did ſhine like any Glaſs
The world it went rowling and bowling,
*And the World it went very well*, &c.

I marry'd a worſe, O then, O then,
I marry'd a worſe,
And ſhe carry'd the Purſe;
The World it went worſer and worſer,
*And the World it went very bad*, &c.

I went to my Garden, O then, O then,
I went to my Garden,
And wiſh'd for my old Wife again,
Repenting my Bargain,
*And wiſh'd for my old Wife again.*

English Courage *diſplay'd*: Or, *brave News from Admiral* VERNON. *Tune of*, Charles *of* Sweden.

COme loyal Britons all rejoice, with joyful Acclamation,
And join with one united voice upon this juſt Occaſion
To Admiral Vernon drink a health, likewiſe to each brave Fellow,
Who with that noble Admiral was at the taking of porto Bello.

From Jamaica he did ſail, with Com. Brown to attend him,
Againſt the Spaniards to prevail for which we muſt commend him,
At Porto Bello he arriv'd where each brave gallant Fellow
With Admiral Vernon bravely fought at the taking of Porto Bello.

Two

Two Men of War of twenty guns, likewiſe five Guarda Coſta's
They in the Harbour quickly took, to ſurrender they were forc'd Sir,
Then the town he ſummon'd ſtraight, to ſurrender at his Will O
Which they refuſing he did then bombard the town of Porto Bello.

He did bombard it above two Days, and they again retu n'd it
The Bombs and Mortars they did play. he vow'd that would burn it,
Which when they came to underſtand that he was ſo brave a Fellow
They did ſurrender out of hand the Town of Porto Bello.

Then with his men he went on Shore who ſtraight began to plunder
Tis as they ſerv'd our Ships before, and therefore it is no wonder,
With plenty of rum and good ſtrong wine our men did ſoon get melow
Then ſwore that never a houſe ſhould ſtand in the town of Porto Bello

The Governor to Admiral ſent, and to him made an offer.
Of thirty thouſand pieces of Eight, the Houſes to ſave did proffer;
Which the Admiral did accept with a right and free good will O
And therefore let the houſes ſtand in the town of Porto Bello.

The Iron Caſtle he deſtroy'd, and all their Guns he ſeiz'd,
The Spaniards ne'er were more annoy'd, he did juſt what he pleaſed
The South Sea Snow he did releaſe, and many a ſtout Engliſh Fellow
For they from plunder could not be kept, in the town of Porto bello.

Beſides brave Vernon freely gave amongſt his Men, as follows,
Who bravely did themſelvs behave, full thirty thouſad Dollars;
Thus muſt their Courage animate, each Tar is a rich fellow
And this is good Encouragement, for the taking of Porto Bello.

When he had ſtaid their nineteen Days, with full Reſentment fir'd;
Their forts demoliſh'd and Caſtles raz'd, he from them then retir'd
But firſt he to Panama ſent, for many a gallant Fellow,
Who in Priſon lay confin'd to be brought to Porto Bello

While trumpets they did loudly ſound, and colours were diſplaying;
The Prizes he with him brought away, while Sailors were huzzaing
And when they to jamaica came, a glorous Tale to tell O,
Of the noble Actions they had done in the taking of Porto Bello

To Admiral Vernon toſs a Glaſs may Heav'n protect and defend him
To Commodore Brown toſs another down, and to each brave Fellow
Who did ſo bravely play their Part, at the taking of Porto Bello

Admiral

## Admiral Hoſier's Ghoſt.

AS near Porto Bello lying,
On the gentle ſwelling flood,
At Midnight with Streamers flying
Our triumphant Navy rode,
There, while Vernon ſate all glorious
From the Spaniard's Defeat,
And his Crew with Shouts victorious,
Drank Succeſs to England's Fleet.

On a ſuden, ſhrilly ſounding,
Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard;
Then each Heart with Fear confounding,
A ſad Troop of Ghoſts appear'd;
All in dreary Hammocks ſhrouded,
Which for Winding ſheets they wore;
And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
Frowning on the hoſtile Shore.

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Luſtre
When the Shade of Hoſier brave,
His pale Hands were ſeen to muſter,
Riſing from the wat'ry Grave.
O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
Where the Burford rear'd her Sail,
With three thouſand Ghoſts beſide him
And in Groans did Vernon hail.

Heed Oh heed! our fatal Story
I am Hoſier's injur'd Ghoſt:
You who now have purchas'd Glory,
At the place where I was loſt; Tho'

Tho' in porto Bel'o's Ruin,
You now triumph free from fears,
When you think on our Undoing,
You will mix your joy with Tears.

See theſe mournful Spectres ſweeping,
Ghaſtly, o'er the hated wave:
Whoſe wan Cheeks are ſtain'd with weeping,
Theſe were Engliſh Captains brave;
Mark thoſe Numbers pale and horrid,
Who were once my Sailors bold,
Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead
While his diſmal Fate is told.

I, by twenty Sail attended,
Did the Spaniſh Town affright:
Nothing then its wealth defended,
But my Orders not to fight:
Oh! that in this rolling Ocean,
I had caſt them with Diſdain,
And obey'd my Heart's warm Motion,
To reduce the Pride of Spain.

For Reſiſtance I could fear none,
But with twenty ſhips had done,
What thou brave and happy Vernon,
Haſt atchiev'd with ſix alone.
Then the Baſtimento's never,
Had our foul Diſhonour ſeen,
Nor the Sea the ſad Receiver,
Of this gallant Train had been.

Thus like thee, proud Spain, diſmaying,
And her Galleons leading Home,
Tho' condem'd for diſobeying,
I had met a Traitor's Doom:

To have fallen, my Country crying,
He has play'd an Engliſh Part,
Had been better far than dying,
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy Glory,
Thy ſucceſsful Arms I hail;
But remember our ſad Story,
And let Hoſier's Wrongs prevail.
After this proud Foe ſubduing,
When your Patriot Friends you ſee,
Think on Vengeance for my Ruin,
And for England ſham'd in me.

## Fond Damon's Love for fair Flavella.

WHEN firſt by fond Damon, Flavella was ſeen,
He ſlightly regarded her Air and her Mein:
The Charms of her Mind he alone did commend,
Nor warm as a Lover but cool as a Friend:
From Friendſhip, her Paſſion his Raptures did move,
And the Swain bragg'd his Heart was a Stranger to Love.

New Charms ſhe diſcover'd as more ſhe was known,
Her Face grew a wonder; her Taſte was his own;
Her Manners ware gentle, her Senſe was refin'd,
And Oh! what dear Virtues ſpring forth in her Mind:
Yet, ſtill for the Sanction of Friendſhip he ſtrove,
Till a Sigh gave the Omen and ſhew'd it was Love.

Now proud to be conquer'd he ſighs for the Fair,
Grows dull to all pleaſures, but being with her;
He's mute while his Heart-ſtrings are ready to break,
For Fear of offending, forbids him to ſpeak:
And wanders a willing Example to prove,
That Friendſhip with Women is Siſter to Love.

A Lover

A Lover thus conquer'd can never give Offence,
Not a Dupe to her Smiles but a Slave to her Sense;
His Paſſion not wrinkles nor age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay;
And Time that will Beauty and Empire remove,
Increaſing her reaſon encreaſes his Love.

## A New Hunting SONG

HARK the Huntſman begun to ſound his ſhrill horn,
Come quickly uneknnel the hounds;
Such a beautiful glittering golden-ey'd morn,
We'll chace the Fox over the grounds.

See yonder's old reynard, ſo crafty and ſly,
Come ſaddle your Courſers a-pace;
For the hound's have a ſcent and they're all in full cry,
They long to be giving him chace.

The huntſmen are mounted, their Steeds feel the ſpur,
And ſwiftly they ſcour it a long;
Rapid after the fox, runs each muſical cur,
Follow Follow my boys is the ſong.

Over hills, over mountains, they skim it away,
Now reynard's almoſt out of ſight,
But rather than looſe him we'll ſpend all the day
For hunting is all our delight.

By eager perſuing, we'll have him at laſt,
He's tired poor Rogue, down he lies,
He ſtarts up a freſh, but young ſharp has him faſt
He trembles, kicks, ſtruggles and dies.

FINIS